

## Wichita Daily Eagle

## THE STORY OF A SONG.

## SIMPLE ORIGIN OF SOME OF THE POPULAR DITTIES.

History of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" It Came to Be Written, Other Well Known Songs—One Written with Finger Nails on a Window Sill.

The man who perpetrated that musical atrocity, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" has been discovered. His name is Joe Sullivan. He is an actor. This is the only thing he ever saw. Frank Harding, the New York music publisher, tells the story of the song. The author obtained it in a way where Tom O'Driscoll, the Irish scum, a grandson of old Murrigh O'Driscoll, of Cahoon, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, was famous for his personal peculiarities. One of these was an aversion to wearing a "caneen." It was his habit to wander through the country bareheaded and barefooted. The fact that he wore no shoes excited no comment, but his refusal to wear a hat was a distress to his family. The fact that he did not really need a hat, for he had been provided by nature with a shock of luxuriant red hair. He was known for miles around as the red-headed man, and his argument brought down upon him the anger of his grandfather, Murrigh.

Just before his death old Murrigh conceived an idea which he was almost certain would bring his erring grandson to his "seven small sins," and a few days afterward he died.

Tom refused to wear a hat, even at the funeral. On the return of the family from the churchyard, the will was opened and read by Father O'Driscoll, and to the surprise of all it was found that Tom inherited everything, including the best stock of "gold," that could be found "because the tick and the bolster in the cold four poster," on condition that for the remainder of his natural life he should wear his grandfather's hat on all occasions in the open air.

This was regarded as a very hard condition by Tom, but, because of his share of good common sense, he accepted the inevitable and proceeded himself on the following Sunday at church wearing old Murrigh's hat. His appearance was ludicrous in the extreme. Having neglected to get his hair cut, the hat was perched on the top of his remarkable crop of bushy and fiery hair, and the roars of laughter with which he was saluted made Tom almost wish he had not accepted the onerous condition of his grandfather's will. From all sides came gibes and cries of derision, the principal salutation being, "Jothel o' Murrigh. Where did you get that hat?"

During a recent trip in Ireland Mr. Sullivan heard the story as related above, and, after a good deal of hard thinking, he produced the song, the title of which has since become a household word throughout the country. An excellent yet simple piano arrangement was made for it by William Lorraine, a mere lad of 16, which materially aided its impetus to popularity. By the way, Lorraine is recognized among musicians generally as one of the most efficient arrangers of comic and sentimental music in this country. This song is an illustration of what a single phrase will do in popularizing a ditty. There is, of course, nothing of a decided literary merit to commend it. It does not even possess the distinction of good rhyme. But it has an original jingle of melody and an easy arrangement that go far in making it a "go." With the public. A number of songs have suddenly sprung into vogue which had grown dim in the obscurity of the publisher's shelves.

Among these might be mentioned Mullaly's pretty song, "Mollie on the Wall," Kieck's "Only a Picture," Mitchell's "Where Can the Wanderer Be?" and C. A. White's tender romance, "Marguerite." White seems to be the most prolific of American composers in the sentimental vein. With the exception, perhaps, of Will S. Hays, he is also the oldest native song writer. Mr. White is a resident of Boston, and he says he has amassed nearly half a million of dollars through the sale of his songs. His latest and most successful composition was the new celebrated "Marguerite," which is being sung by all the romantic maidens in the country.

It is a fact not generally known that "Marguerite" was written while the author was suffering from cerebral trouble, unrelieved by overwork. The original text and melody he conceived while confined to his home and lying at death's door. Forbidden by his family physician the use of paper and pencil, the veteran composer scratched with his finger nails upon the paint of the window sill the rough outlines of the melody of his famous song, and his recovery he had it transcribed and arranged. For a long time "Marguerite" lay upon the shelves and failed to strike a popular chord, but within the past six months the song has commanded its way so universally that it is difficult to supply the demand.

It seems that the name "Marguerite" is a prolific theme with poets and musical composers. There are no fewer than six different "Marguerite" songs upon the market to-day. In the more classic vein, Helmut's German love ditty, "Margaritha," is eminently a favorite, while "Farewell, Marguerite," by Boardman, is an exceedingly popular song of today, and White's "My Marguerite of Long Ago" bids fair to rival his better known production of a like character.

Comic songs, as a rule, are short lived. This is because they depend mainly for their popularity upon single phrases which catch the eye of the public and are repeated in daily conversation until they become almost a cliche. With the decay of the phrases which form the keynote to success the song dies. Sometimes the most mediocre comic songs attain a large circulation merely on the strength of a popular idiom, although they may be full of grammatical and harmonic crudities. Notwithstanding this some of the compositions attain to enormous sales—Sidney Rosefield in New York Mail and Express.

## A CORONER WHO UNDERSTOOD.

A Death That Was Not Unexpected by Those Who Had Observed.

They had lifted the body out of the canal, and a dozen of the crowd around it when the coroner came. He glanced at the face, asked who first saw the body, and then said:

"I have expected this for a year or more. Poor fellow! No inquest will be necessary."

"But isn't it a case of suicide?" asked one of the crowd.

"Certainly."

"And shouldn't you investigate the causes which drove him to the rash act?"

"I know them already. He was a clerk in a hardware store next to my office. Last summer he got charge of the refrigerator department. A hundred times did I hear him repeat:

"A refrigerator? Certainly, ma'am; step this way and be seated. Now, then, our Peerless refrigerator is built entirely on scientific principles. This, as you will observe, is the ice chest. The cold current passes from the ice down these air pipes to the right, circulates along the racks, passes up through those pipes to the left, and escapes out of that ventilator in the end. There is always a constant current of air, not only preserving the articles placed on the racks, but carrying the odor away. We guarantee that you may place onions and butter side by side for one week, and that one will not taste of the other. Inside this zinc lining is a layer of charcoal two inches thick. Our refrigerator is cooler with five pounds of ice than any other with twenty. The circulation is on scientific principles, as you will observe. No bellows are needed to create the current. There are no cogwheels to get out of order—no springs to give way. Actual experiments have demonstrated that there is an actual saving of 50 per cent. of ice during the season. The racks are galvanized, as you will observe, and the galvanizing is of the latest and best pattern. We sold these right along last year, at \$18, but, having secured all the hardwood lumber in the country, and having a monopoly on the supply of ice in the United States, we have decided to reduce the price to \$13."

"Day after day for three months, and sometimes five or six times a day, he repeated this statement," said the coroner, "and I knew that it was only a question of time when the end would come. The 1st of October they changed him into the coal stove department, and then, day after day, he sang this song:

"A base burner? Certainly, ma'am—right this way. Because you see our advertisement said 'Sanctity.' The chimney in base burners has at last been reached. Here it is, ma'am—our Armo. Isn't it a beauty? Everything, outside of the grates and windows, made of solid nickel and warranted not to turn black. It's as handsome as a painting, and lots of people who can't afford a piano are buying these stoves simply as a parlor ornament. What would our grandfathers and grandmothers say if they could step from their graves and behold a picture like this! We have ladies come in here and ask permission to sit down and criticize the stove as a work of art, the same as they would a piece of statuary or a painting."

"And now for the interior. This is the firepot, as you will see. As soon as combustion takes place the hot air is drawn down through these flues, passes twice around the base, ascends to radiate around the top, passes over the live fire to be reheated, and finally escapes by the top when it has no further value as a heating power. Economical! That's our strong point, ma'am. We claim that this stove will heat four times the surface with one ton of coal than any other stove with three. It feeds and regulates itself. Any child can run it. No gas can escape when the stove is closed. All its parts are handy to be got at, and by no possibility can any accident occur. It lights a room so that no lamp is needed, saves enough in coal to buy all your meat and potatoes, and when not in use as a stove we have a music box to go inside of it."

"Poor fellow!" sighed the coroner, as he bent over him in pity. "These were the songs he was compelled to sing to earn his daily bread, and we who were near him knew that the end must finally come. It has come. He did not want to live any longer, and none of us can blame him. I will turn the body over to the undertaker. The jury could only find that he died of a broken heart."—New York Sun.

## The Value of a Beard in Old England.

Among the Anglo-Saxons every portion of the human body had a recognized monetary value, and any one injuring the person of another had to pay his victim the legal price for the damage done. The parts of the face were more highly valued than those of any other portion of the body, showing how much importance was attached by our Saxon ancestors to their personal appearance. If a man in those days knocked out one of the front teeth of his neighbor, he had to pay him six shillings as a compensation, but if he destroyed his beard he had to hand over no less than twenty shillings. He might, however, break his countryman's thigh bone for twelve and his ribs for three shillings apiece. He was allowed, of course, to smash up the members of an outlaw or of an enemy of his country gratis.—Exchange.

## A California Rabbit Drive.

The rabbit scourge, which has reduced such large tracts of land in Australia to barrenness, is now threatening parts of California, with similar effects. In Fresno county these vermin have become so numerous and destructive to the farmers that the wholesale extermination of them is imperative. It is estimated that five rabbits consume as much as one sheep. They are particularly fond of the grape vines, fruit trees, corn and other grain. A drive has been made by stretching fine wire netting about three feet high, and seven miles in length, V-shaped, terminating at the smaller end in a circular corral. One of the drives resulted in the death of 12,000 rabbits.—New York Telegram.

## A SLAVE BOY'S STORY.

## Strange Vicissitudes That Led Him from Central Africa Down the Congo.

A letter from the Congo tells the story of a slave boy from Central Africa who, by a series of strange vicissitudes, has recently come into the possession of Mr. Holman Bentley, the well known missionary, and is now living on the river near the west coast. The boy's name is Kayembe, and he lived near the Congo about a league miles from its mouth. A while ago a large party of Arabs from Nraguere and their Maragoma slaves attacked the village and joined in which Kayembe lived. They heard the shooting and saw the marauders seizing women and children. Then they fled into the jungle, and the Arabs, coming over to the deserted town, burned it to the ground.

It was three days before the villagers ventured to return to their ruined homes. All was quiet then, and they spent the days tilling their fields around the place where they had lived. At night they slept in the jungle, as they feared a night attack. They were not without fear for a moment, but they still lingered around their fields because their food came from them.

One day, after they had led their wretched life for about three months, a gang of slave hunters suddenly rushed upon the village, beating their drums and firing guns. Kayembe's father threw a spear at one of the slaves, wounding him in the shoulder. The wounded man then shot the father dead and cut off his hand as a trophy. Kayembe dashed into the jungle with several men after him. They caught him, and he was dragged away with other prisoners to neighboring villages, where the slaves killed the men and captured many women. The little children whom many of the women carried in their arms were snatched away from them and thrown into the bushes, there to perish miserably. Some of them, however, were struck dead or were stunned by a blow from a stick. Others who attempted to follow their mothers were struck with switches and driven back.

In about ten days the slaves, with their captives, reached Nyangwe, and the poor people were soon scattered far and wide, their owners taking them in all directions. Kayembe's master took him 300 miles down the Congo, where he sold him to a Zanzibari. Soon after the boy had an attack of dysentery, and his new master, thinking he would die, sold him for a song to a Hausa soldier in the service of the Congo state. The soldier took him 900 miles further down the river, to Leopoldville, where Sir Francis de Winton set the boy free and put him in charge of the Baptist mission.

He has learned the language of the lower Congo, and Mr. Bentley writes that he is a bright and interesting boy. But the tragic events in his old home are fresh in his memory. He wants to return to his own country when it is safe to do so, and the missionaries have promised him that when they are able to start a station far up the Congo, where he came from, he shall go there with them.—London Telegraph.

## California's Growth.

Forty years ago the harbor of San Francisco was filled with a great fleet of ships that were lying idle at their anchors. They had brought cargoes of men and merchandise, but they could find no cargoes to carry away. Many of these ships never left the port. They were hauled up to the land, and the hulks furnished shelter for hundreds of pioneers. Today the docks are lined with a great fleet of merchant ships—a larger number of sailing vessels, probably, than can be found in any other port in the Union. These ships are nearly all discharging or taking on cargo. There is hardly an idle ship in this harbor among seaborne vessels. Aside from wine, wool, ores and lumber, there will be a million tons of wheat for transportation to foreign markets. The ox teams no longer plod a weary way across the continent. But nearly every day a train load of fruit is sent to the Atlantic states, and these shipments will be rounded up with the largest citrus crop, save that of Florida, ever produced in the United States.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Drank from All the Glasses.

An eye witness at Spa relates as follows: During his stay at the Kurhaus the shah one day wanted to take some refreshment, and a member of his suite ordered a glass of punch a la Romaine. The waiter, who had probably received similar orders from some of the other guests, before of inferior rank, appeared before Nasr-ed-Din with a tray containing a dozen glasses of the beverage. The shah, smiling, took a glass, drank half of the contents, and then took a sip out of each of the other eleven glasses, so that the waiter could not now hand him round to the rest of the company. His majesty thus tried to make it plain to the waiter that a shah is not to be placed on a level with ordinary mortals in the matter of serving.—Dusseldorf Anzeiger.

## Parted Forever by Bleached Hair.

A young woman who has been visiting Saratoga for the past three years, and who has, it is said, an income of \$3,000, has left that town, leaving about \$1,000 worth of debts, so goes the story, and one broken heart in the breast of a young man who "clerked" it in a Broadway shop during the past season. It is reported that the cause of her sudden departure was the fact that she failed to agree with her regarding the color of her hair, which is said to have been bleached.—Albany Express.

## Tombs Found at Nimes.

An important discovery has been made in the environs of Nimes. Some workmen engaged on excavations for the construction of an aqueduct have hit upon a couple of Gallo-Roman tombs, which are to be removed to the local museum. Meanwhile it has been decided that the surrounding ground shall be carefully searched, it being thought that it may contain other antiquities of a rare and interesting character.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

## WHAT THE GOOSE BONE SAYS.

## It Will Be an Open Winter, If There's Any Truth in the Bone's Story.

Henry Stillman, of Woodstock, is the goose bone prophet of eastern Connecticut. He gets his bone from a goose that is hatched in May, and when Henry Stillman is bending over his goose bone to read the future each fall all Windham county is hushed, and it hearkens to the prophecy. Wiggins and De Voe, and even Uncle Dagobert, of Groton, who has been getting out "chance" yearly for the past 117 years, may do very well, fumbling with the weather during the rest of the year, but when the first fall wind comes piping over the hills, and the "first frost in the pumpkin," then Henry Stillman sits down with the goose bone, and something happens that is "tolerably sartin."

Mr. Stillman consulted the bone last week, and his prediction has been published orally all over the eastern end of the state. Prediction is a weak, narrow word to apply to the proclamation, for Mr. Stillman doesn't predict; he determines. It is going to be an open winter, he says, and "that settles it," says Windham county.

The magic bone, hanging by the side of Mr. Stillman's kitchen chimney, and by which he ciphers out the season, shows a row of dots around its shank, and these dots announce what the tem-

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perature is going to be. The darker the spots the colder the weather is the reading of the bone. Then there are circular marks which divide the bone into the three winter months, December occupying the space between the first partitions, January the next apartment and February the remaining one. Mild, regular weather will prevail in all the months, and it will be milder than even that of last winter. There will be few days on which running water will freeze. The coldest weather will be in the latter half of January, when there will be some frosts of considerable severity.

"Near the point of the bone," says the seer, "is a marked discoloration, indicating that the first day of winter will give decided intimation of the season's change." Christmas will be green one, but it will be wet and cold. January will step in warm and sunny, but soon it will turn cold, though not very cold. The coldest day will be Jan. 27. There is going to be a "regler old time Jimi-wary thaw," and February will have a "thawey spell," too. October will be a cold, disagreeable month, with heavy rains and snows. There will be an early spring, but February will melt into March in a disastrous thaw, in which the farmers will be swollen mountain streams and terrible floods.

Faith in the goose bone is invincible in this part of the state, and each year many farmers are wont to take one from the front hall or against the chimney in the kitchen. There it dangles until spring in the next year. The best bone is taken from a goose that has a trace of wild blood in its veins. But not every one can read a goose bone as Henry Stillman is able to do it.—Williamson (Conn.) Letter.

**Natural Gas.**  
Natural gas as a fuel has been in use about fifteen years. There are now employed in its transmission for fuel purposes 27,350 miles of pipe mains. In Pittsburg alone there are 500 miles, and the consumption of gas there represents an annual consumption of 7,000,000 tons of coal. The head of a Pittsburg gas and oil firm said recently, during a discussion of this question: "Eastern people are still afraid that natural gas will play out. So far there is no indication of it, though when we first commenced to use it in Pittsburg four or five years ago—that is, using it generally—there were many people who did not look for it to last more than six months or a year. Now that it has been in general use for several years and the supply keeps right up, there is not much apprehension at home, but I meet it everywhere outside. The science of natural gas is not fully understood yet, and no one can tell how long it will last."—Exchange.

**Child, Wife, Mother and Widow.**  
About a year ago Joseph Bloedel, a 17-year-old boy, of Huntington, W. Va., ran away with Agnes Jarvis, aged 11, the daughter of a well-to-do South Carolina farmer. Agnes, being unusually large for a girl of her age, and seeming older, consequently, than she really was, had difficulty in prevailing upon a minister to unite her in marriage to her boy lover. Since then they have lived together happily until last Friday, when Joseph died very unexpectedly of typhoid fever, just as his child wife was giving birth to a girl baby. And so, before she is quite 12 years of age, Agnes Bloedel is wife, mother and widow, all three. A remarkable occurrence, surely.—Exchange.

**Cutting Down Expenses.**  
The czar has been cutting down family expenses at a great rate lately. The grand dukes and grand duchesses who have lost a third of their incomes under the new dispensation are in an awful faze about it. Poverty stalks them in the face. They will be forced to keep less establishments, to drop less fortunes at cards, and to forego the joy of strewing emeralds and diamonds at the feet of favorite ballet dancers and prima donnas. It is going to be a very hard winter in Russia's topknot social circles, but the czar had to economize in state expenses in order to keep the army of nihilists at bay. It is expensive work preventing assassination.—Boston Herald.

**A New Article of Commerce.**  
A few weeks ago Mr. Hilderton, of this city, left for a visit among relatives in England. Mr. Champion, the real estate man, gave him a horned toad to present with his compliments to a brother of Mr. Sellers, his partner. A letter just received from Mr. Hilderton says that he has not only had a jolly good time, but thinks he has discovered a new source of revenue for San Diego county, and especially for his friend Champion. He found Mr. Sellers' brother at Nottingham, and presented him with the horned toad, which was a great curiosity in that country. To possess the handsome "armadillo" became the lively bidding ensued, and the result was that Sellers disposed of it for the mere sum of \$10—\$50—and writes for more toads. Champion says that until real estate picks up he will go into the toad business, and he has about 500 of the product stuffed, and expects to start a large shipment of English gold toward San Diego in the near future.

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**THE OLD LOVE WAS BEST.**  
John Keel, who lives on the edge of Tennessee, not far from Hopkinsville, Ky., courted pretty Lucy Walker, a neighbor's daughter, and married her in 1848.

The couple lived together for thirty years and raised a family of four children. All the children married and moved away. The old couple became lonely, and they got a young lady named Jane Hunter to come and live with them.

Miss Hunter was about 20, bright and attractive. It was soon evident that Mr. Walker was much attached to young Miss Hunter. His wife grew jealous and accused him of falling in love with the girl. He frankly admitted it and said he would marry her if he did not have a wife already.

Mrs. Walker left her husband and soon afterward obtained a divorce. The old man and the young woman were then married and came over the line into this country to live.

They bought a farm about three miles from here, says a Hopkinsville special, and lived together apparently very happy for twelve years. At the end of that time they disagreed and separated, the second Mrs. Keel, like the first, obtaining a divorce. The old man went back to Tennessee, where the wife of his youth had remained faithful and alone.

His heart turned again toward her when they met, and he proposed that they be remarried. She agreed. Last Wednesday the wedding occurred, and they began life where they were first married, forty-three years ago.

**The Corpse Ran Away.**  
A Baltimore dispatch to The Chicago Herald says: A telephone message to the Central station last night conveyed the information that a man had been killed in the Baltimore and Potomac tunnel, and requested the presence of a coroner at Union station, whence the body had been taken. The corpse was covered with mud and dirt and was stiff and rigid. Police Sergeant Schmitz was becoming impatient over the non-arrival of the coroner, and walked to the door to see whether he was coming. When he returned, the bench was vacant and the corpse was walking out of the door. The sergeant started after his subject, but the latter, seeing him coming, made haste to escape. Finally the policeman reached him and insisted on his returning until the coroner should arrive, but the man refused in the most positive manner to let a coroner go to work on him. He was a live man and, therefore, not under that official's jurisdiction. The sergeant came to the same conclusion.

## FLOUR DEPOT.

C. E. Henshaw Jr., Milling and Elevator Co., of Hainesville, Kan., carry a full line of hard and soft wheat flour at their agency in this city. Send for prices and samples.

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and allowed the corpse to go. It was afterwards ascertained that the man's name is James Lacy, and that he fell from a freight train and lost consciousness for almost an hour. He had been temporarily paralyzed by the shock.

**Rapid Railroad Construction.**  
An invention which promises to revolutionize the present method of railroad construction was put to a practical test recently by George Roberts, the inventor, in the presence of about three hundred railroad experts. The machine worked beyond the expectations of the inventor, the men laying at the rate of two and one-half miles of track per day, and twelve men doing the work of seventy-five by the old way. It handled ties and rails of the heaviest kind—used in constructing mountain roads—with the greatest ease, placing them rapidly and accurately in position. The machine is so constructed that it can be used on any ordinary flat car. All construction material is moved on rollers from the rear to the front, where the machine takes very rapidly on a steep and difficult grade. Its great success transcended the Northern Pacific to secure the refusal of the first machine, and the inventor is now arranging for building two more machines to cost \$1,200, and the inventor receives a royalty of \$50 per mile.—New York Telegram.

**Just Like Human Beings.**  
A Canadian farmer named Woodree went into the stall the other day to feed his old horse, and was so bitten that his life is in jeopardy. He had owned the horse nineteen years, and had never known him to even show his teeth before. Horses are just like human beings in many respects. You may get along with a man all right for twenty years, and then get knocked down for jacking him about the color of his nose.—Detroit Free Press.

**NATIONAL ARMY RIFLES.**  
The Lebel rifle is used by France and Russia; caliber, 81 inch; muzzle velocity, 1,750 feet per second.  
The Springfield rifle is used by the United States; weight, 9 pounds; 4 corners; caliber, .45 inch; powder, 70 grains; bullet, 200 grains.  
The Lee rifle is used by Great Britain; caliber, .30 inch; powder, 70 grains; bullet, 200 grains; muzzle velocity, 1,750 feet per second.